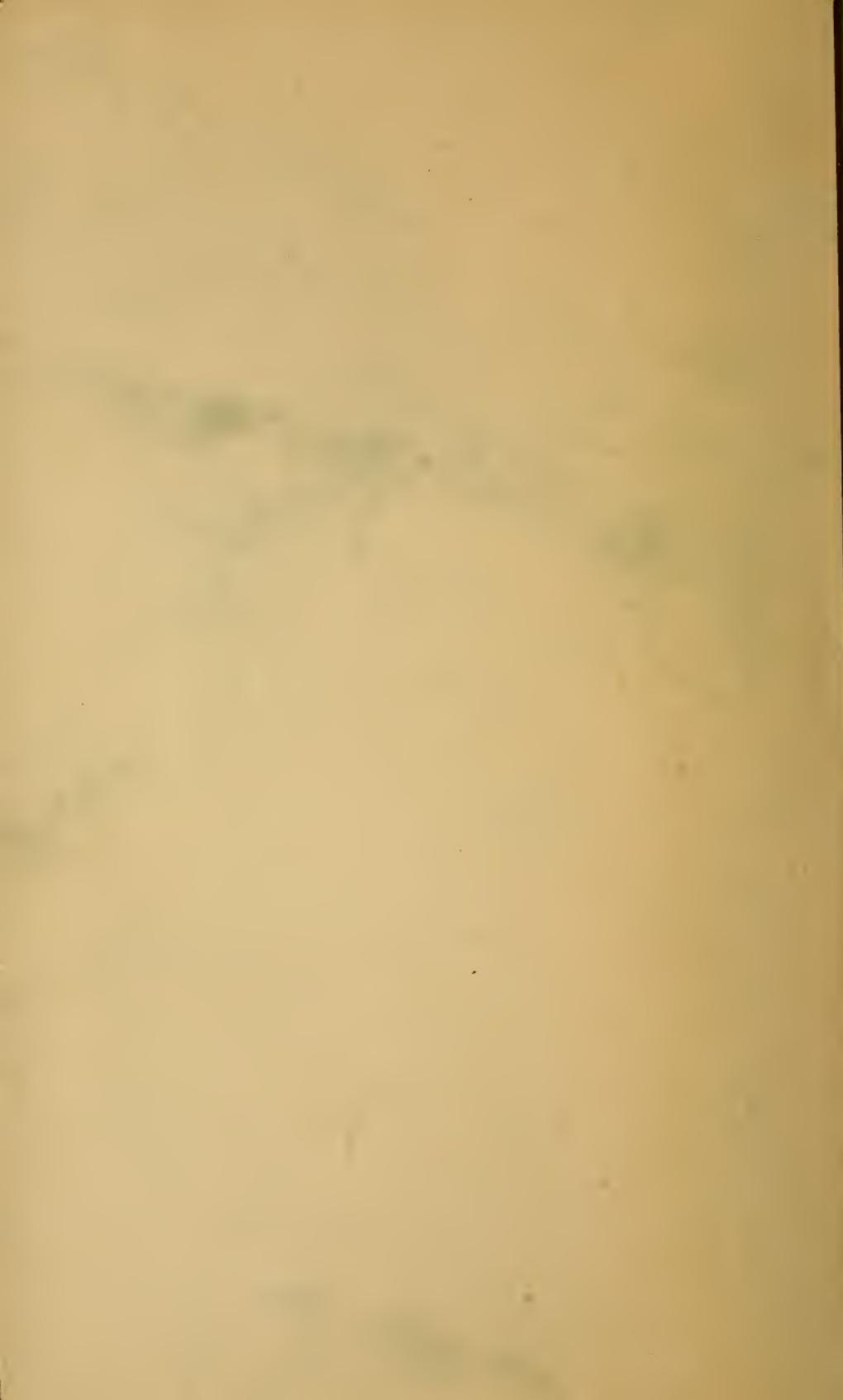
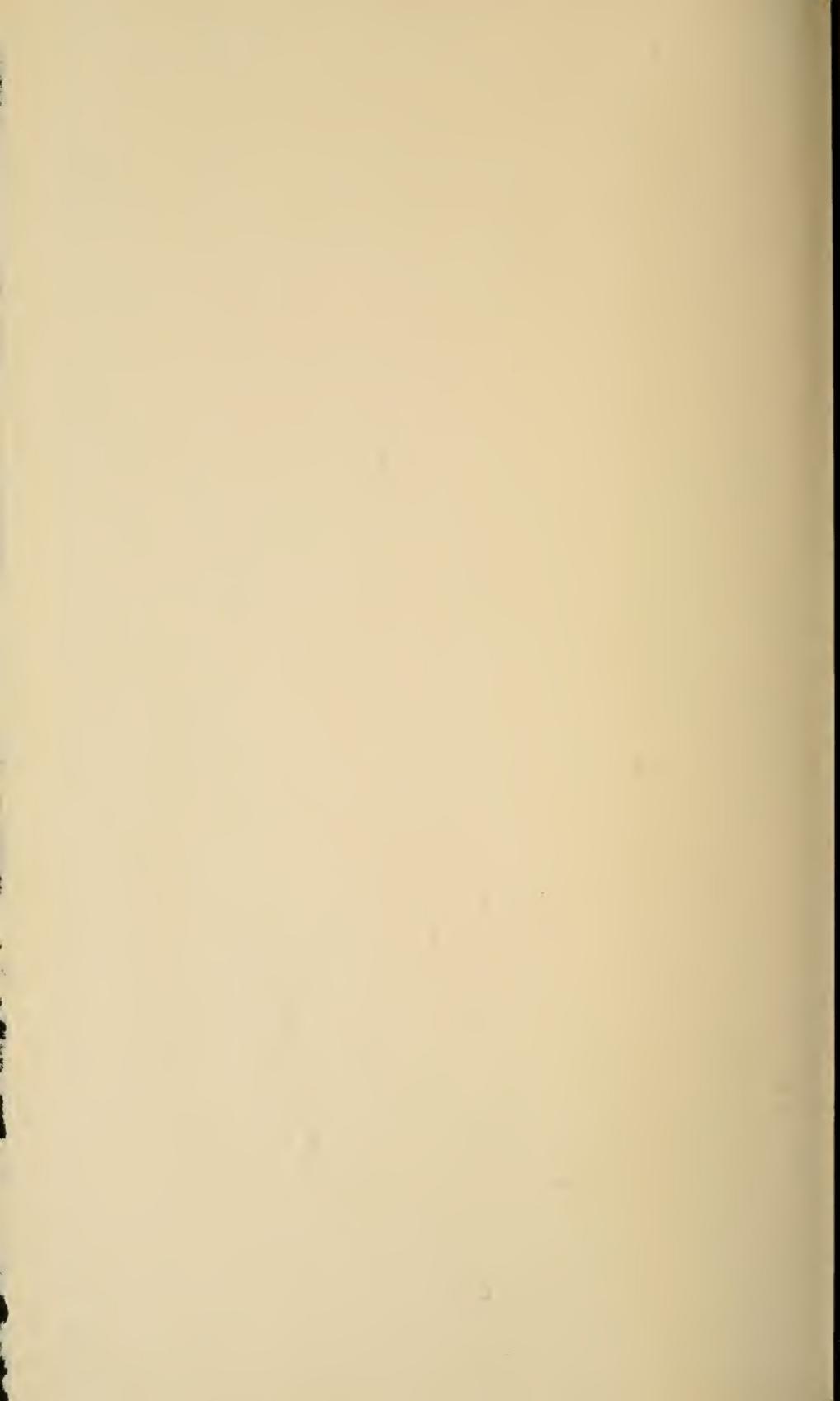


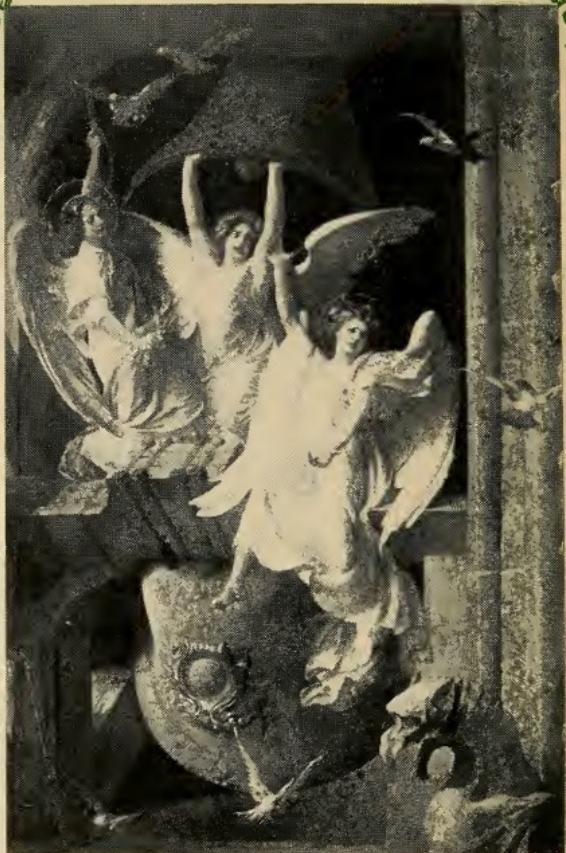
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On Christmas Eve

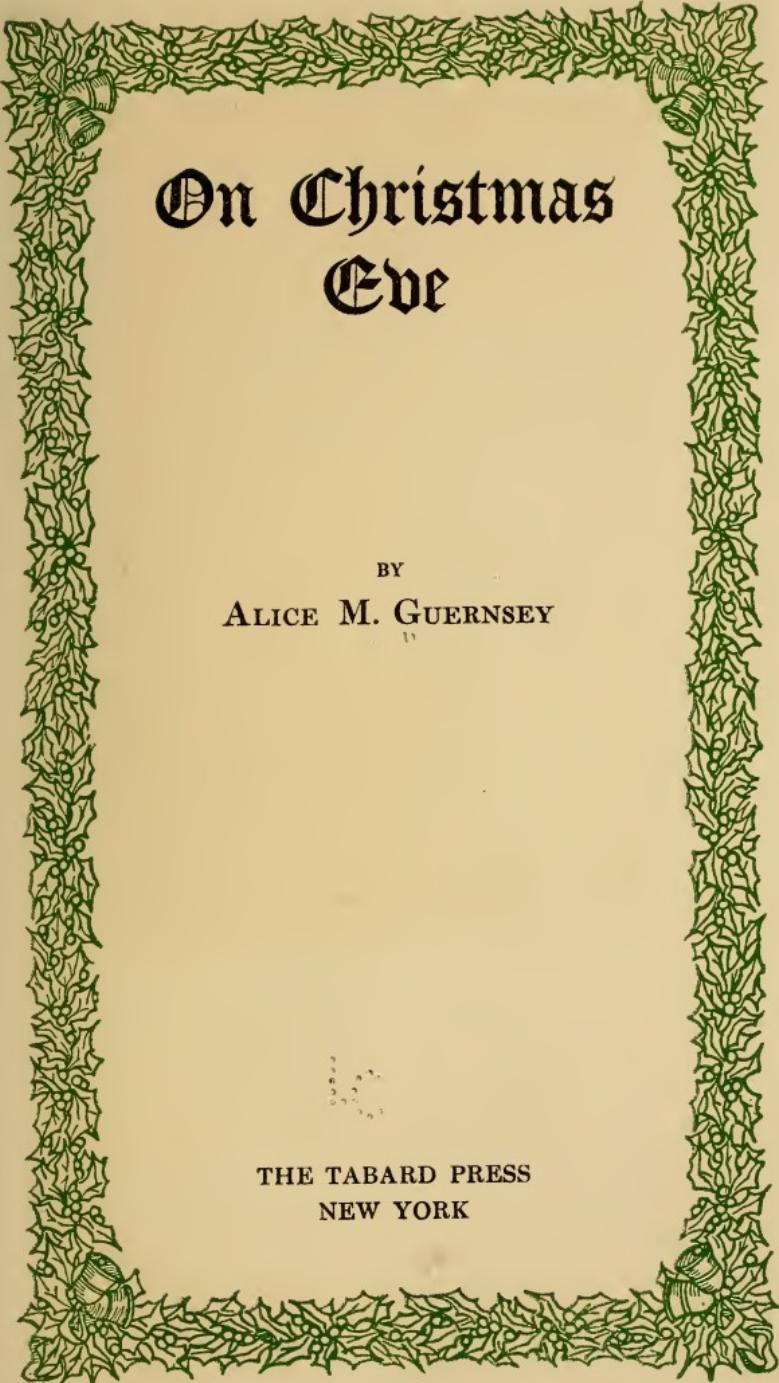




ON CHRISTMAS EVE



“ ‘Tis a Christmas tale full fair,
quoth she,
“ Of the midnight bells of Saint
Inderly.”



On Christmas Eve

BY

ALICE M. GUERNSEY



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On Christmas Eve

Alice M. GUERNSEY

“*Tis a Christmas tale full
fair,*” quoth she,
“*Of the midnight bells of
Saint Inderly.*”

SAIN'T Inderly's tower
rose dark and still
To the moonlight's kiss
on Christmas eve;
The monks had chanted their
vespers shrill
And sunk to rest, by the
saint's good leave;
And the watchman dozed, as
watchmen will—
When there's none to know
it there's none to grieve.

And the bells in the tower were
still as the night,
Till the hour of the star and
the manger-bed.
And then, with a heralding
burst of light
From the glory of heaven,
the angels sped—
The angels bright as the quiv-
ering light
That over the arch of the
belfry spread.

O the bells, the bells!
O the wild notes free,
As the Angel of Joy
Woke their minstrelsy.
“Ring out, O ye bells,
For a child is born!
Ring, ring in your gladness,
This Christmas morn.”

O the bells, the bells!
O the far, sweet strain
As the Angel of Hope
And the Angel of Pain

Struck the chord of the bells!

“ For a Child is King,
And light in the gloaming,
His birth doth bring.”

O the bells, the bells!

O the song earth sings!
For the Angel of Love,
With her sun-bright wings,
Bearing message of peace,
Woke the echoes again,
‘Lo ! the child of the manger
Is Saviour of men.’”

O the bells, the bells!

O the birthnight song!
O the chorus that echoed
The hills along!
‘Ring out, O ye bells!
Tell the lands afar
Of the Child who is King,
Under Bethlehem’s star.’”

And the monks were asleep;
but the heart of a child
Waked to the wonder of
sound and gleam,

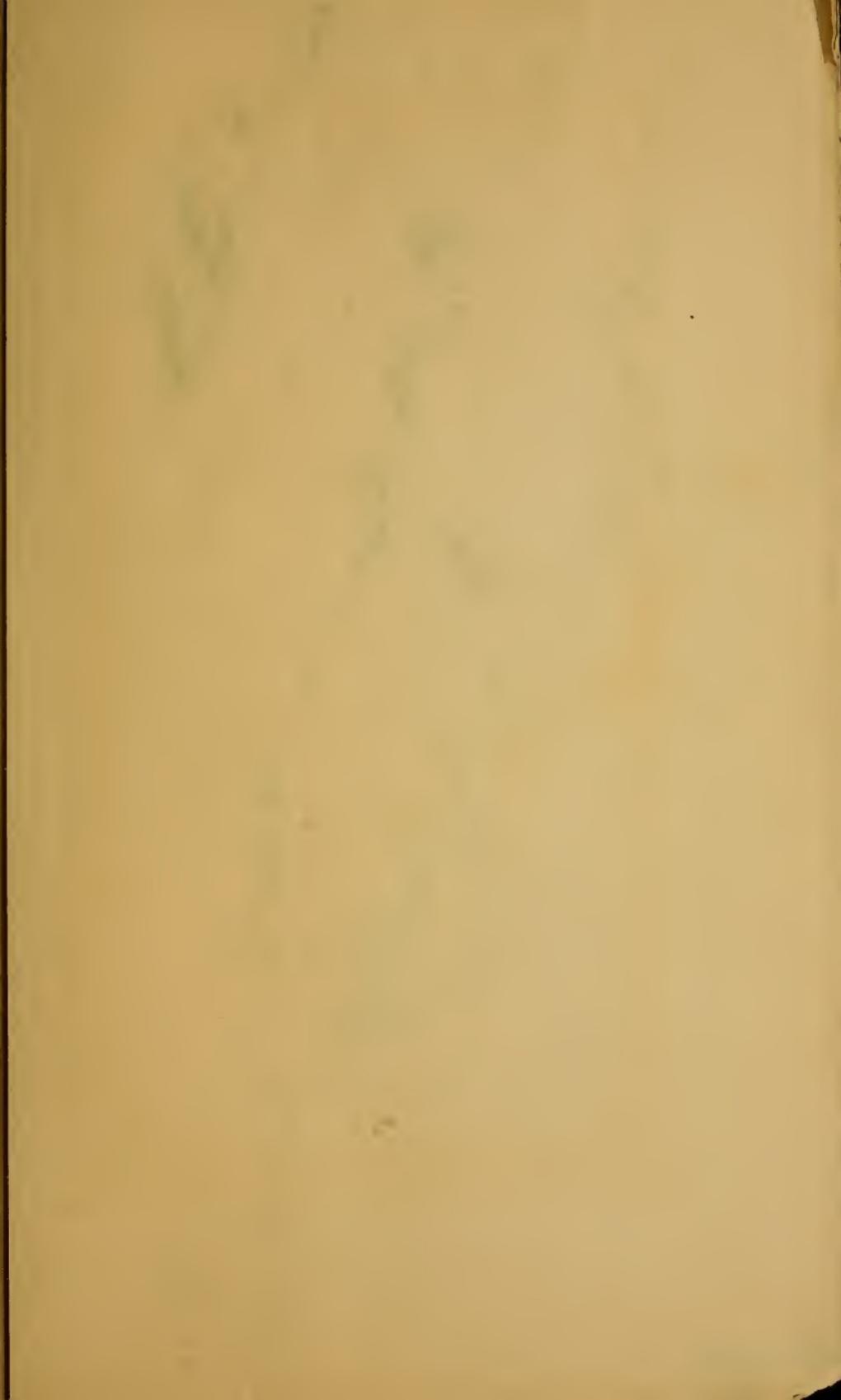
For ever the faith of the un-
defiled
Seeth the vision and dream-
eth the dream.

*“‘Tis a tale of the angels
fair,’ quoth she,
“And the Christmas chime of
Saint Inderly.”*

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